



**FIGHTIN'
MARINES**

NO.158

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12P**



FIGHTIN' MARINES

YOU ALWAYS WERE GUTLESS,
KENDALL... YOU'VE PROVEN
IT NOW. GO AHEAD
AN' SHOOT.....

I'M ORDERING YOU TO
MOVE OUT... OR I'LL
KILL YOU ON THE SPOT!

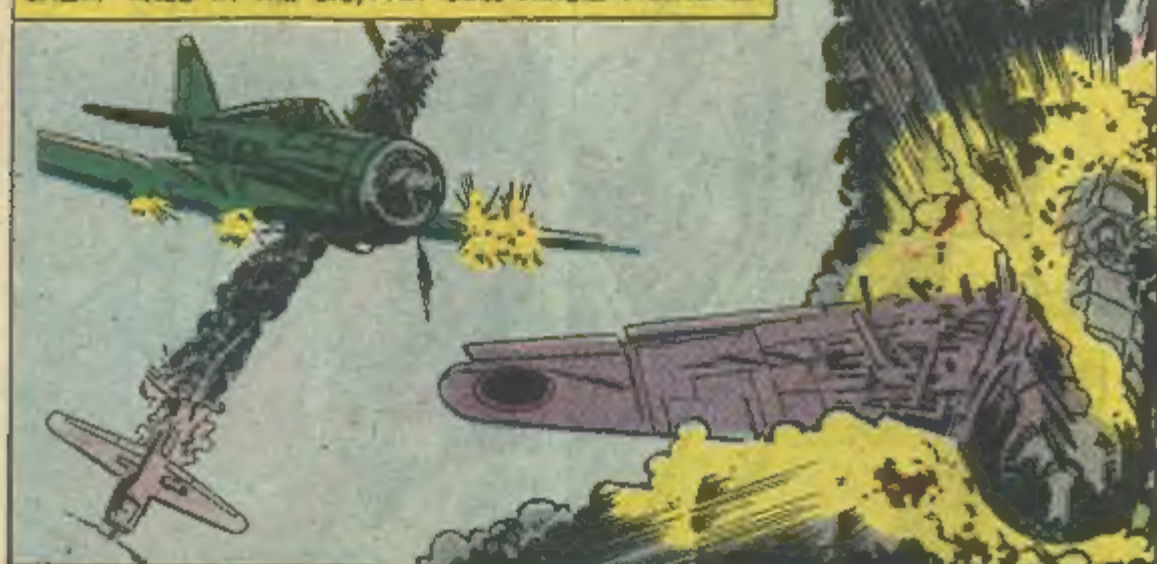


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CLAY PIGEON

CAPT. JOSH KEENAN HAD BEEN AN F4U CORSAIR PILOT IN WORLD WAR II... WHERE HE'D GOTTEN EIGHT ENEMY KILLS IN THE BIG, FAST GULL-WINGED FIGHTER...



WHAT WAS WORLD WAR II! CAPT. KEENAN WENT HOME TO WISCONSIN WHERE HE PILOTED A...



THEN, IN JULY, 1950, KOREA CAME ALONG AND CAPTAIN, NOW MAJOR KEENAN, WAS BACK WHERE HE BELONGED...

THIS ISN'T MUCH LIKE FLYING OFF A CARRIER IN '45. I'M NOTHING BUT A CLAY PIGEON UP HERE.



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THEY'VE GOT ME
ZEROED IN... BUT
THERE ARE TROOPS
AND AMMO IN
THOSE TRUCKS!



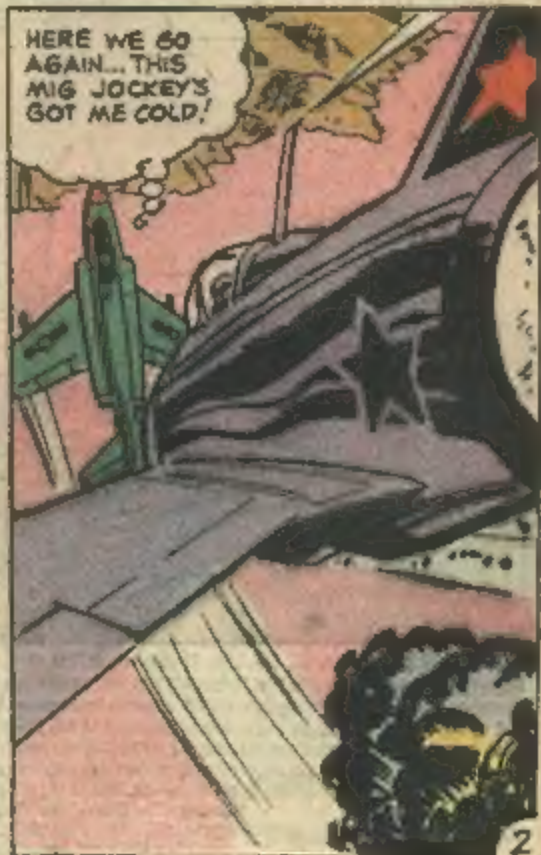
I HURT 'EM
A LITTLE
ANYHOW.



THE TRUCK CONVOY WAS PRACTICALLY
WIPE OUT AND MAJOR KEENAN
PULLED UP AND AWAY...



HERE WE GO
AGAIN... THIS
MIG JOCKEY'S
GOT ME COLD!

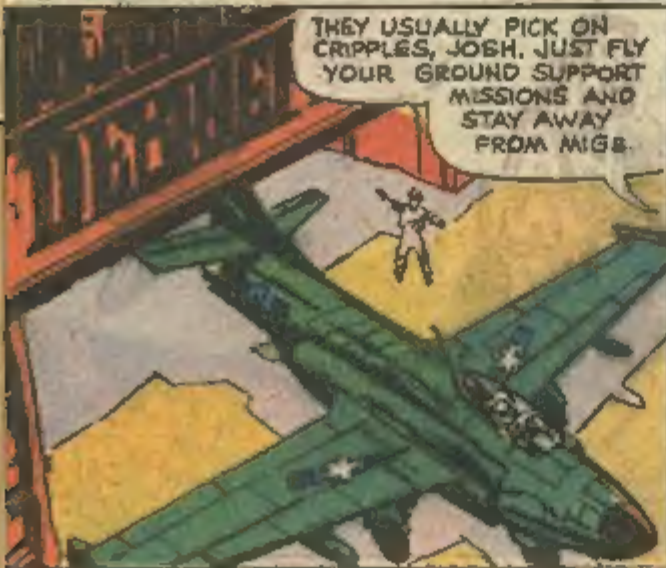


KEENAN REMEMBERED HIS WORLD WAR II DAYS AND...



BACK AT SEOUL, WHERE MAJOR KEENAN'S MARINE WING WAS BASED, THE MAJOR WAS DEBRIEFED...

NICE WORK, JOSH. TROUBLE IS, THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU NOW AND YOUR JOB IS TO FLY GROUND-SUPPORT MISSIONS FOR THE GROUND FORCES.



SHE'S ALL SET TO GO OUT AND GET CHEWED UP AGAIN TOMORROW, MAJOR!

THANKS, ALEX. LISTEN, DO WE HAVE ANY OF THOSE SMOKE FLARES WE USED FOR GUN-NERY PRACTICE?



5:45 A.M., NOT QUITE DAYLIGHT...



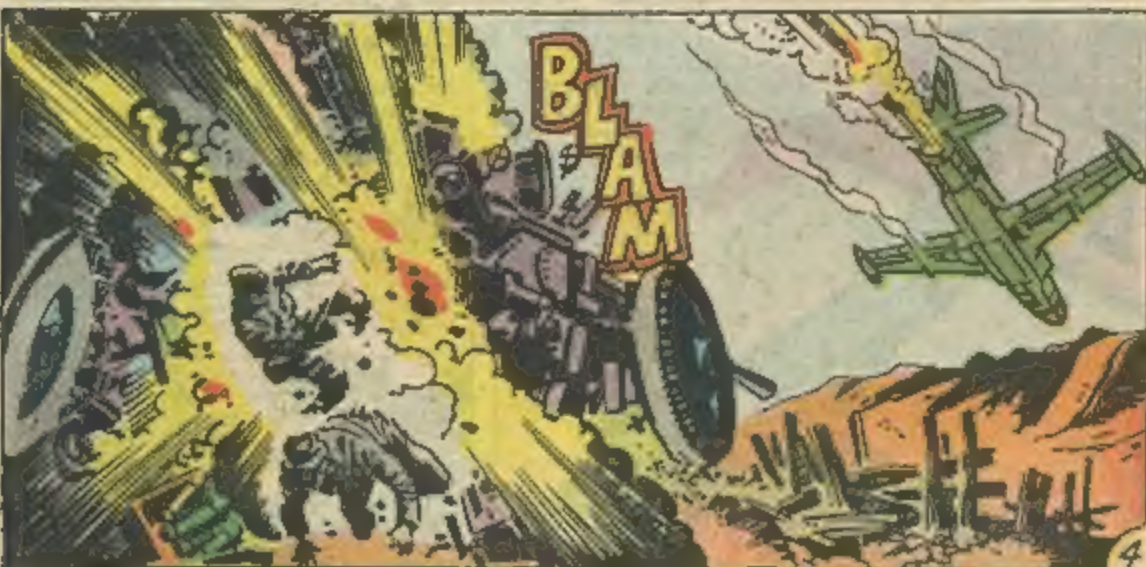
THIS IS SLUGNUTTY,
WISHBONE. CHICOM
ARTILLERY ON THE
RIDGE LOOKING DOWN
OUR THROATS!



I'LL COME DOWN
AND SWEEP THE
RIDGE, SLUGNUTTY!



GOT A BEAD ON 'EM
...THE WING ROCKETS
OUGHT TO DO THE JOB!



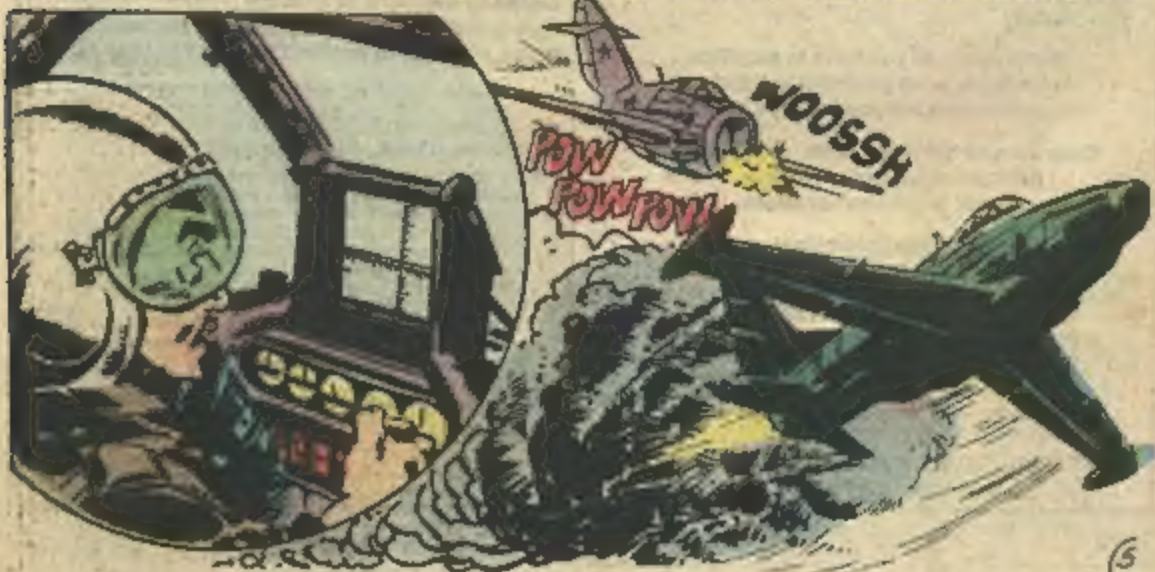
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MAJOR KEENAN DROPPED THE NAPALM ON A CHICOM STORAGE DUMP. THEN, WITH EMPTY ROCKET RACKS, HE GOT THE WORD HE'D BEEN WAITING FOR...



早急
早急

HERE COMES CHARLIE... HE SPOTTED OUR GUYS SMOKE... FIGURES HE'S GOT A REAL CRIPPLE. GIVE THE MAJOR THE WORD.





KEEP HIM
COMIN'
WISHBONE.



THE MARINE WEAPONS PLATOONS
GATHERED ON THE RIDGE TO WAIT FOR
THE COMMAND, THREW AN AWESOME
AMOUNT OF METAL INTO THE SKY!

FIRE!



THANKS, BOYS. THE MIGS
WON'T BE SO ANXIOUS
TO JUMP CRIPPLES FROM
NOW ON!



SOME CLAY PIGEONS FLYING GROUND
SUPPORT MISSIONS LEARNED...LEAD
THE AVES OVER MARINE CONCENTRA-
TIONS OF FLYING POWER...SIMULATE
DAMAGE TO LURE EVERY PLANES INTO
TRAPS...AND MAKE IT EXPENSIVE TO
JUMP GROUND SUPPORT AIRCRAFT.



SINCE 1940, WHEN LT JASON BOYD WAS STATIONED AT CAMP PENDLETON, CALIFORNIA, UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPT MARVIN L. KENDALL, HE HAD BEEN SO HATED BY HIM THAT HE HAD HIM BROKEN AS AN OFFICER. BUT HE CAME BACK AS A CORPORAL WITH THE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR. NOW, AT GUADALCANAL, HE WAS AGAIN UNDER THE COMMAND OF LT COLONEL KENDALL, BUT NOW SAW HIM IN THE TRUE LIGHT... A COWARD UNDER COMBAT CONDITIONS, AND NOW IT BECAME A SHOWDOWN WHICH WAS TO BE THEIR OWN.

PRIVATE WAR

YOU ALWAYS WERE GUTLESS, KENDALL... YOU'VE PROVEN IT NOW. GO AHEAD AN' SHOOT.....

I'M ORDERING YOU TO MOVE OUT... OR I'LL KILL YOU ON THE SPOT!



EDITOR: G. WILSON
SCRIPT: J. GILL
ART: W. MOLINO

IT STARTED WAY BACK IN 1940 BEHIND THE BARRACKS, WHEN CAPT. KENDALL CHALLENGED LT. JASON BOYD TO A FIGHT, EVEN THOUGH THE CAPT. WAS FORTY POUNDS HEAVIER.

CAPTAIN, SIR, IF THE COLONEL COMES AROUND WE'LL ALL BE BUSTED.

SHUT UP, SERGEANT. I'LL FINISH BOYD OFF QUICKLY!

I ALWAYS DID HATE YOUR GUTS!



STAY DOWN, YOU FOOL!

HOLD IT, CAPTAIN! GIVE HIM A CHANCE!

I'D BETTER GET ANOTHER OFFICER! KENDALL IS TRYING TO KILL LT. BOYD!

LEARNED YOUR LESSON YET, BOYD? READY TO ADMIT I'M A BETTER MAN?

YOU'RE NOT, KENDALL! YOU'RE A LOUSY OFFICER... AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH YOU'RE YELLOW!!



KENDALL MOVED IN, TRAINED, HARDENED MUSCLES READY TO SMASH THE JUNIOR OFFICER INTO PULP.

I'LL SMASH YOU, BOYD!!

YOU'RE GETTING CARELESS, CAPTAIN!!



NOW BOYD STARTED HAMMERING AWAY AT CAPT. KENDALL TILL THE SERGEANT CAME WITH THE COLONEL.

LT. BOYD! THAT WILL DO!



I SAW YOU STRIKE YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICER, LT. BOYD. IT IS A COURT MARTIAL OFFENSE!

BUT HE STRUCK ME FIRST, SIR!



AT THE COURT MARTIAL, CAPT. KENDALL TESTIFIED THAT LT. JASON BOYD HAD ATTACKED HIM WITHOUT PROVOCATION. MSGT. RAY HUSBARD WAS TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER CAMP SO HE COULDN'T TESTIFY AGAINST CAPT. KENDALL....

AFTER HEARING THE TESTIMONY OF YOU AND CAPT. KENDALL, UENUTENANT, WE HAVE CONCLUDED THAT YOU ARE GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS. YOU WILL BE REDUCED IN RANK TO PRIVATE AND YOU ARE SENTENCED TO SIX MONTHS IN THE BRIG!



BOYD DID HIS TIME, LEFT THE MARINES, BUT THEN CAME PEARL HARBOR... AND HE REENLISTED, BUT AS A PRIVATE.



IN 71 HARD
TRAINING, HE
MADE CORPORAL
BUT ONLY TO
BE UNDER THE
COMMAND OF
KENDALL
WHO WAS NOW
A MAJOR
BUT STILL THE
SAME SPIT AND
POLISH OFFICER
AS BEFORE

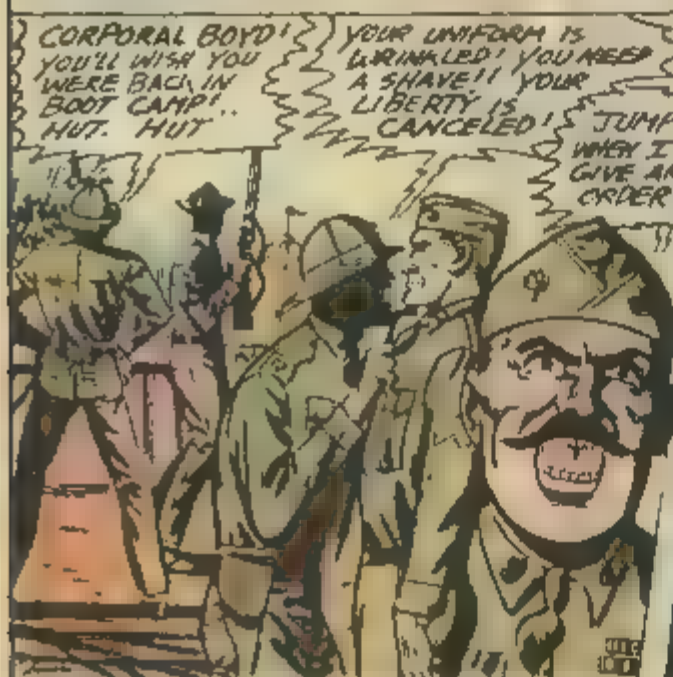
HE'LL BE IN COMMAND
OF A BATTALION SOME DAY
HE'S ROTTEN STILL NO
GOOD GOD HELP US!!



CORPORAL BOYD!
YOU'LL WISH YOU
WERE BACK IN
BOOT CAMP!
HUT. HUT

YOUR UNIFORM IS
WRINKLED! YOU NEED
A SHAVE!! YOUR
LIBERTY IS
CANCELED!

"JUMP!"
WHEN I
GIVE AN
ORDER!!



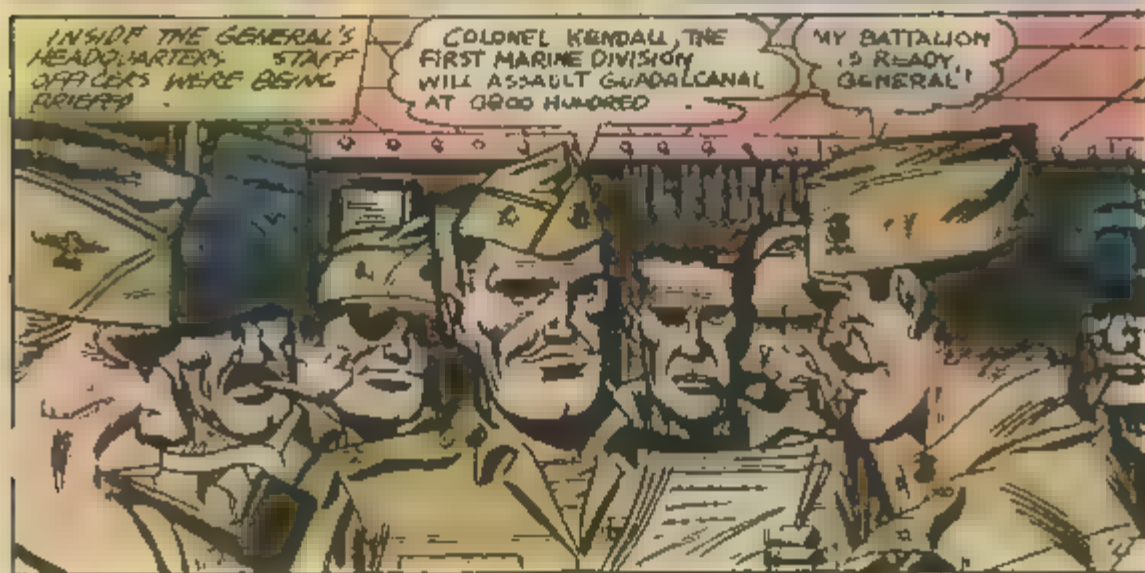
CORPORAL BOYD MADE NO
PROTEST... HE TOOK HIS
ORDERS AND WATCHED HIM
PROMOTED TO LT COLONEL
AS THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION
GOT COMBAT READY....



INSIDE THE GENERAL'S
HEADQUARTERS STAFF
OFFICERS WERE BEING
BRIEFED

COLONEL KENDALL, THE
FIRST MARINE DIVISION
WILL ASSAULT GUADALCANAL
AT 0800 HOURS

MY BATTALION
IS READY,
GENERAL!



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THE MORNING OF AUG 7, 1942 THE
1ST MARINE DIVISION HIT THE
BEACH AT GUADALCANAL

ABOARD THE
TRANSPORT, LT
COLONEL KENDALL
HEARD THE REPORTS
LIGHT RESISTANCE
WAS MET. THE
MARINES MOVED
INLAND RAPIDLY

I BELONG WITH MY
BATTALION, GENERAL
REQUEST PERMISSION
TO GO ASHORE

PERMISSION
GRANTED, COLONEL
KENDALL

WHERE'S CAPTAIN
JARRITT? WHY
AREN'T WE
MOVING INLAND?

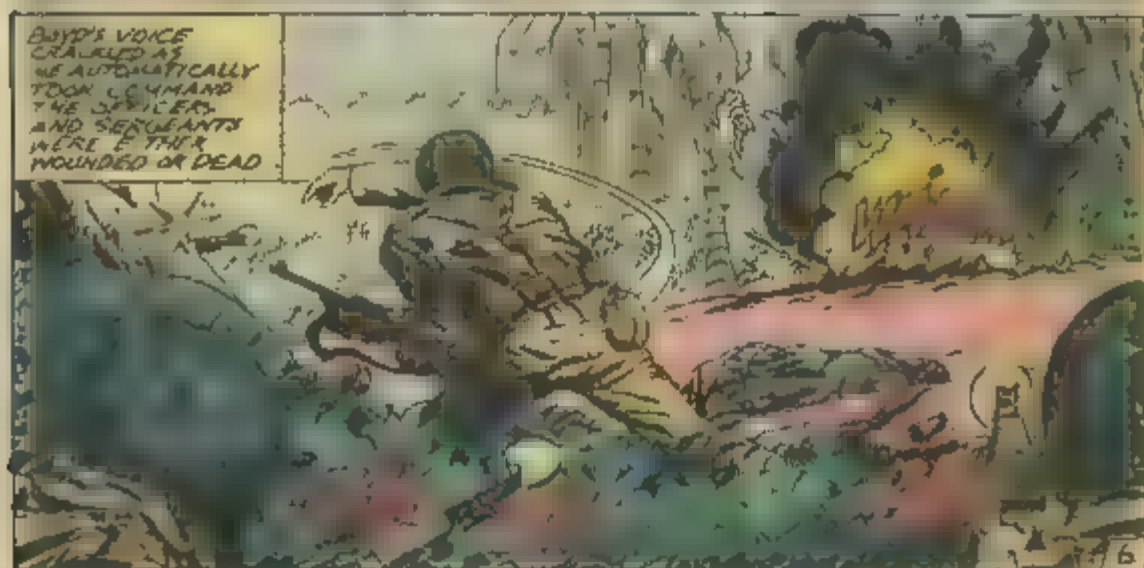
CAPTAIN
JARRITT IS
WAITING FOR
THE THIRD
BRIGADE TO
MOVE ON THE
RIGHT FLANK,
COLONEL

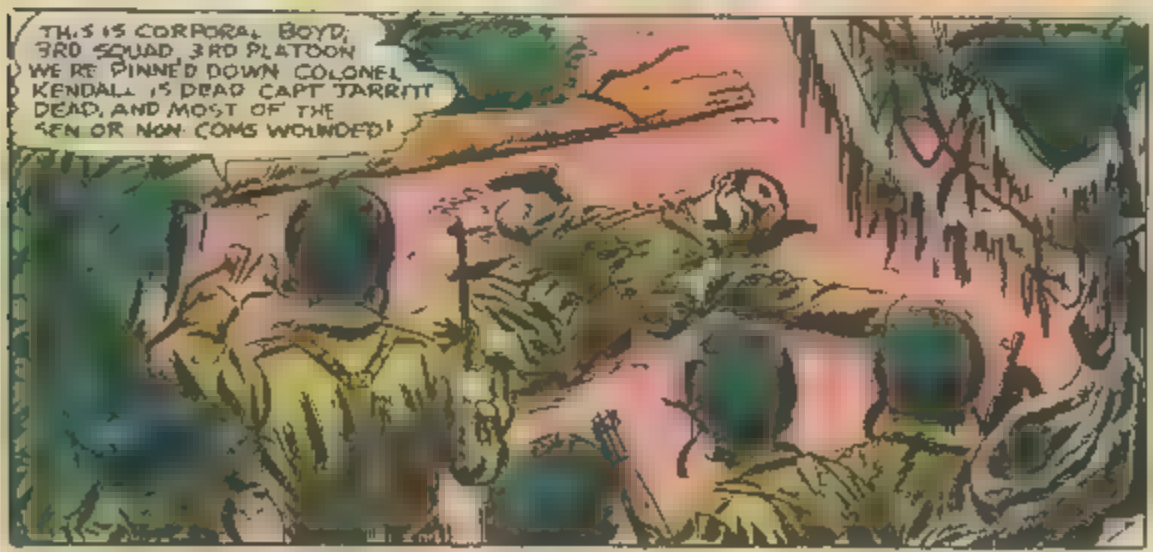
I SAID ATTACK, CAPTAIN
IF YOU CAN'T OBEY ORDERS,
I'LL RELIEVE YOU OF
YOUR COMMAND!

I'LL ORDER
THE ATTACK,
COLONEL

THE JUNGLE
WAS SILENT
SILENT AS
DEATH. JASON
BOYD THOUGHT
AS THE
SERGEANT
RELAYED
CAPT JARRITT'S
ORDER TO
MOVE OUT

KENDALL'S MOVING
US UP TOO FAST!!





COLONEL REEVES, BACK AT THE REAR
GAVE BOYD NEW ORDERS . . .

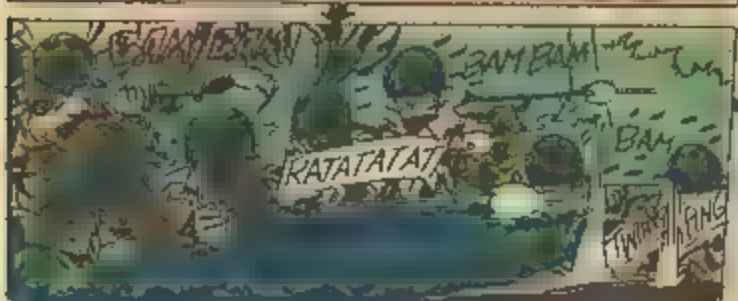
AS OF NOW, BOYD, YOU'RE A
FIRST LIEUTENANT TAKE COMMAND
UNTIL I SEND SOMEONE UP .



DIG IN, MARINES! SET UP
THE MACHINE GUNS ON THE
FLANKS PREPARE TO
RESIST ENEMY ATTACK!
MAKE SURE YOU'VE GOT
PLENTY OF AMMO!



HERE THEY COME!! POW BANZAI!!! POW TAKKA TAKKA



THEY'RE ON
THE RUN!!

BY MORNING, NEW OFFICERS WERE SENT
UP -- JASON BOYD WAS A COMMISSIONED
OFFICER AGAIN

WELCOME BACK, LIEUTENANT
THE COLONEL TOLD ME YOU'RE
ONE OF THE BEST COMBAT
OFFICERS IN THE REGIMENT
HE'LL UPGRADE YOU TO
WHERE YOU BELONG!!

I DON'T
WANT
RANK, MAJOR!
I JUST
WANT TO DO
MY JOB!!



THE
END

LITTLE FINK

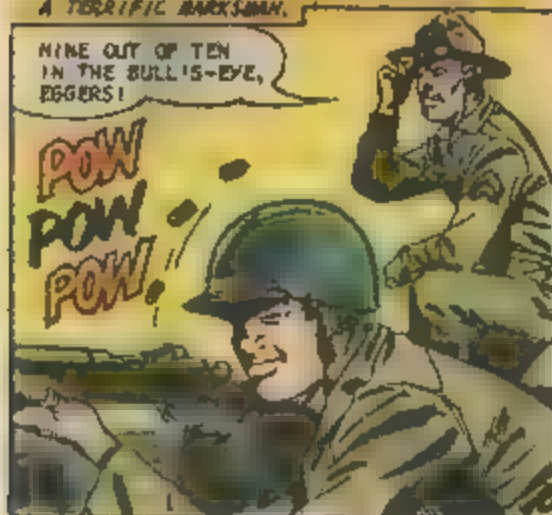
WHEN TUG EGGERS JOINED THE MARINE CORPS, HE SEEMED LIKE THE PERFECT TYPE NEEDED TO WIN THE 'POLICE ACTION' THEN BEING FIGHTING IN KOREA! HE WAS BIG, TOUGH AND QUICK TO USE HIS ROCK-HARD FISTS. EVEN ON SMALLER, LESS SKILLED FIGHTERS LIKE 'LITTLE FINK' FRANKEL (TUG GAVE FRANKEL THE NICKNAME)!



EGGERS LOVED THE MARINE CORPS! HE WAS A TERRIFIC MARKSMAN.

NINE OUT OF TEN IN THE BULL'S-EYE, EGGERS!

POW
POW
POW



HE SHUTS HIS EYES EVERY TIME HE PULLS THE TRIGGER!

HE'LL NEVER MAKE A WAR ME, D.I. THE CORPS OUGHTA KICK HIM OUT RIGHT NOW!

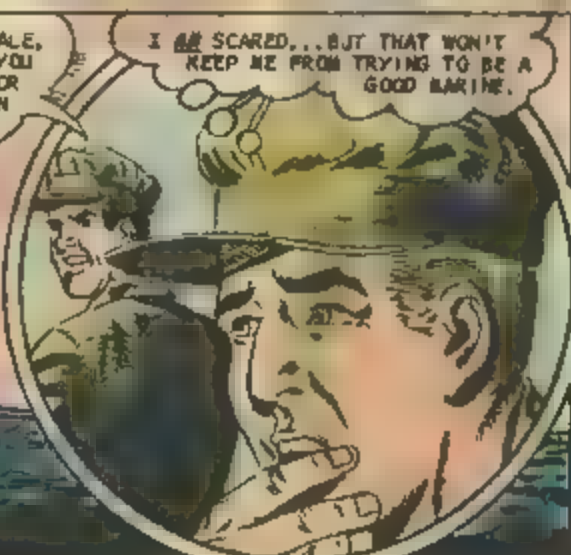
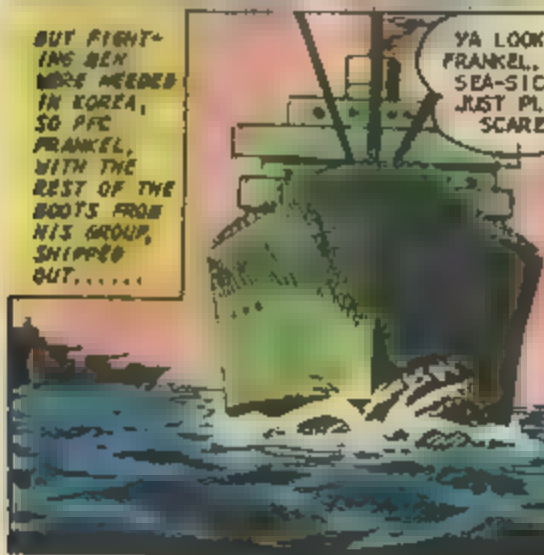
POW
POW
POW



BUT FIGHTING MEN WERE NEEDED IN KOREA, SO PFC FRANKEL, WITH THE REST OF THE BOOTS FROM HIS GROUP, SHIPPED OUT.

YA LOOK PALE, FRANKEL. YOU SEA-SICK OR JUST PLAIN SCARED.

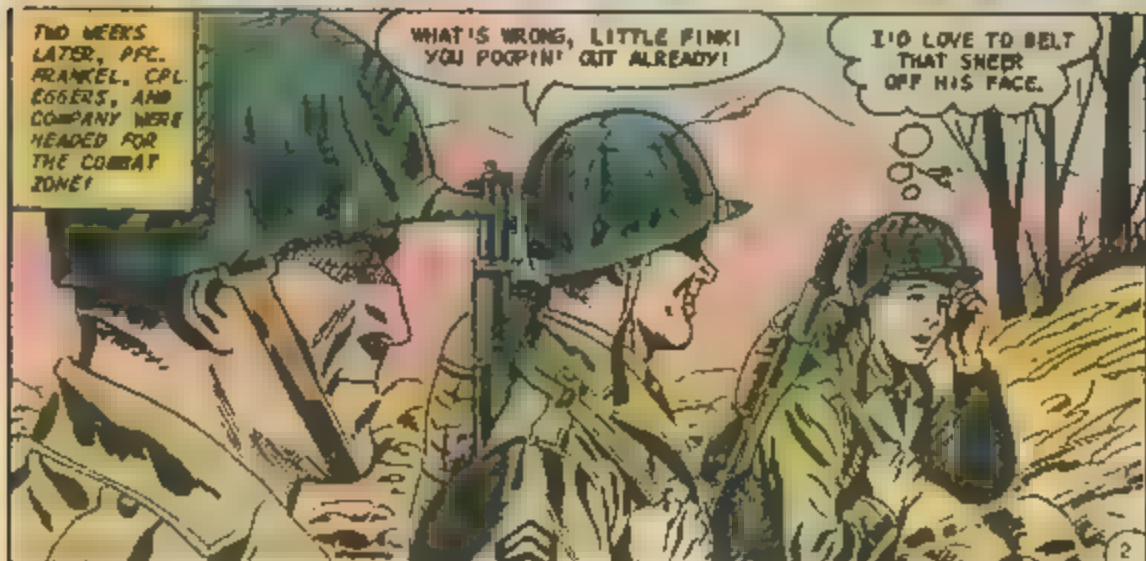
I AM SCARED... BUT THAT WON'T KEEP ME FROM TRYING TO BE A GOOD MARINE.



TWO WEEKS LATER, PFC FRANKEL, CPL EGGERS, AND COMPANY WERE HEADED FOR THE COMBAT ZONE!

WHAT'S WRONG, LITTLE PINK! YOU POOPIN' OUT ALREADY!

I'D LOVE TO BELT THAT SHEER OFF HIS FACE.



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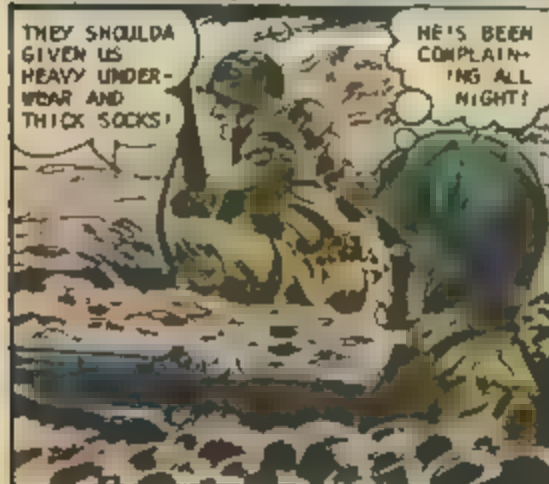
THEN, THEY WERE ASSIGNED TO BAKER COMPANY,
3RD BATTALION AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT,
PFC FRANKEL WAS IN CPL. EGGERS' PLATOON.



IT WAS QUIET ON THAT KOREAN HILLSIDE IN
LATE NOVEMBER QUIET AND VERY COLD.

THEY SHOULD
GIVEN US
HEAVY UNDER-
WEAR AND
THICK SOCKS!

HE'S BEEN
COMPLAIN-
ING ALL
NIGHT!



THEN...



AND...

THUNK

WHAM





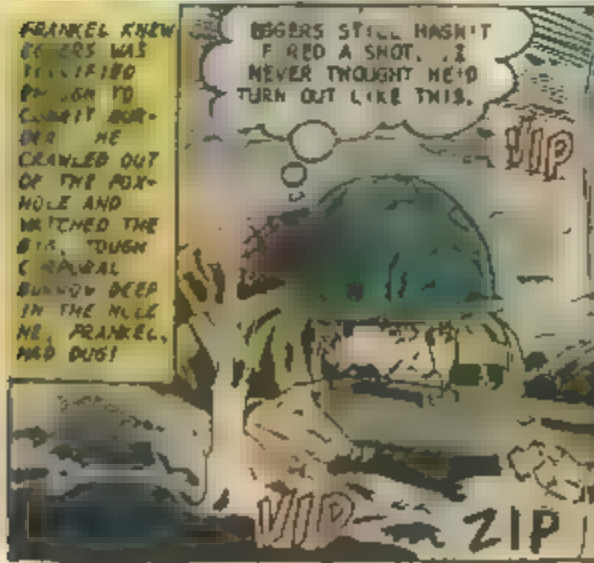
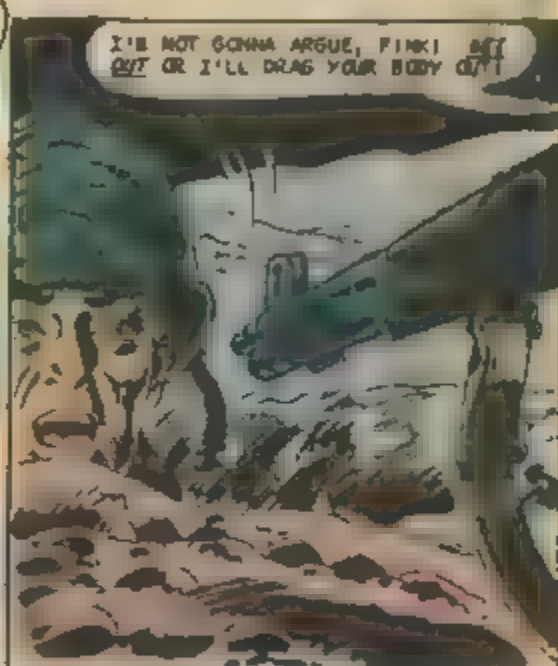
ENEMY INFANTRY ATTACK!

I'LL GET ZAPPED FOR SURE!

FRANKEL!
GET OUT OF
THAT FOXHOLE!

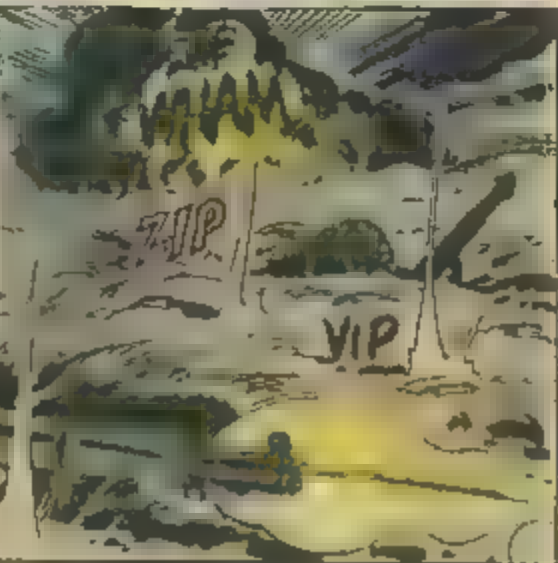
IT'S NINE,
EDGERS! YOU'VE
GOT YOUR OWN
FOXHOLE!

I'M NOT GONNA ARGUE, FINKI. GET
OUT OR I'LL DRAG YOUR BODY OUT!



FRANKEL KNEW
EDGERS WAS
TERRIFIED
ENOUGH TO
CARRY BUR-
DEN. HE
CRAWLED OUT
OF THE FOX-
HOLE AND
WATCHED THE
BIG, TOUGH
ORIGINAL
BURDEN DEEP
IN THE HOLE.
HE, FRANKEL,
HAD DUST!

EDGERS STILL HADN'T
FIRED A SHOT. I
NEVER THOUGHT HE'D
TURN OUT LIKE THIS.



SUDDENLY A CHINESE COMBIE LOOMED OVER EGGERS WHO WAS Huddled IN THE BOTTOM OF THE TRENCH, AN EASY VICTIM.....



FIVE TIDAL WAVES OF MEN THAT WASHED UP THE HILL THAT NIGHT FRAIL, FRIGH-TENED FRANKEL FOUND A STORE OF STURBORN COURAGE THAT REFUSED TO LET HIM QUIT!





WORD GOT AROUND PLATOON THREE AND BAKER COMPANY... CPL. TUG EGERS HAD REALLY PILED UP DEAD COMBIES IN THE FIREFIGHT.

EGGERS IS A TOUGH
PIECE OF WORK,
NICK!

ANYBODY COULD TELL
THAT JUST LOOKIN'
AT HIM.

ALL OF A SUDDEN, TUG EGERS IS A
BIG HERO... BUT IT'S GONNA
BE FUN....



.....WATCHIN' TUG TRYIN'
TO LIVE UP TO HIS BIG
PAT REPUTATION!



LATER THAT DAY...

WE NEED A TWO
MAN PATROL TO
PROBE THE ENEMY
POSITIONS ABOUT
DUSK... IT
WON'T BE EASY
...I NEED THE
BEST.

SOUNDS LIKE
A JOB FOR
EGGERS,
SKIPPER.

ALL RIGHT, YOU
LITTLE FINK... I'LL
GO... IF YOU VOL-
UNTEER WITH ME.

YOU'LL
PROBABLY
PUNCH ME IN
THE MOUTH IF
I REFUSE,
HERO! SURE,
I'LL COME
ALONG.



THEY WENT OUT AT DUSK, TWO MARINES
VENTURING INTO ENEMY TERRITORY.

EGGERS WILL
DO THE JOB,
SKIPPER.

MUMM....
MAYBE....
BUT ONE
OF THEM
WILL!

THEY ENCOUNTERED AN ENEMY PATROL OUT-
BOUND. EGGERS WHIMPERED IN FEAR AND DOVE
FOR COVER...

COMMIES!

VIP ZIP

ZIP

WHAM

POW POW
POW POW

I HEARD THE
FIREFIGHT.
EGGERS DID
HIS STUFF
AGAIN.

LET'S FIND THE
LIEUTENANT,
TUG. TELL
HIM HOW
YA WIPED
OUT THE
COMMIES.

IT CAME OUT THEN. EGGERS HAD HAD HIS
SHARE OF HEROISM... HE COULDN'T LIVE UP
TO HIS ROLE.

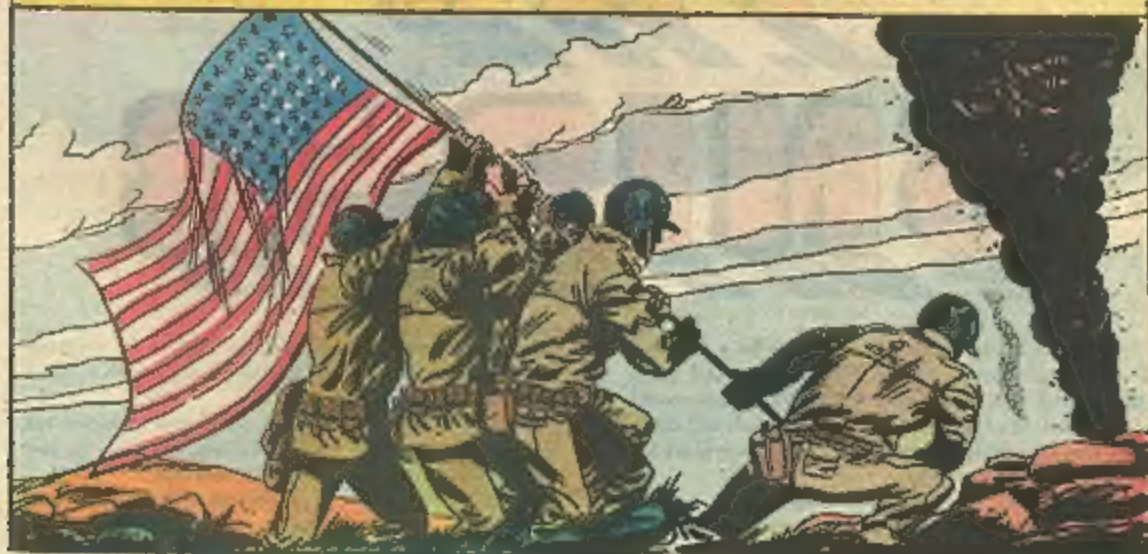
I DIDN'T KILL THE
COMMIES. FRANKEL
DID. FRANKEL SAVED
ME AGAIN TONIGHT.
IF THERE'S A HERO
IN THIS OUTFIT, HE'S
IT.

I KNEW THAT, TUG,
BUT YOU'LL BE
OKAY. FRANKEL
JUST HAPPENS TO
HAVE A LOT OF
GUTS EVEN THOUGH
HE DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE IT.

END

THE AMERICAN/AUSTRALIAN FORCES HAD BEEN FIGHTING BITTERLY AGAINST THE JAPANESE IN THE PACIFIC ISLAND HOPPING CAMPAIGN SINCE AUGUST 7, 1942. IWO JIMA WAS IN ALLIED HANDS BUT THERE WAS STILL...

OKINAWA the LAST ISLAND



ON JUNE 21, 1945, OKINAWA WAS FINALLY TAKEN. THREE MONTHS OF BATTLE RETURNED THE ISLAND TO AMERICA.....



OKINAWA WAS ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE FROM JAPAN. THEREFORE, BOMBERS COULD EASILY MAKE RAIDS ON THE JAPANESE MAINLAND AND FORCE THE RISING SUN TO SURRENDER.



THE SNIPER

Toruji Suriaguel had been raised to be a warrior. All of his ancestors before him had served their masters with the sword and the oath of the samurai brotherhood. War was in Suriaguel's blood! Kill or be killed was his tragic Service, honor and death were his heritage and his destiny!

Suriaguel and his comrades had fought fiercely against the Allies, but now things were going badly for the Imperial Japanese Empire. The end of the war was in sight. The Americans were advancing toward the Japanese mainland. There was no hope of a Japanese victory. Japan's only chance was to fight the Allies to a standstill. An honorable defeat was now their military goal!

The Americans had to take two Jima in order to pave the way for the invasion of Japan. The Japanese had to stop the Americans from taking two!

Every Imperial soldier was expected to do his duty to the very end. Any Japanese soldier who willingly surrendered, dishonored his family and was branded a coward and a traitor. It was a victory or death battle for the Imperial Army.

Mt. Suriabachi was a sleeping volcano, but in the many caves that dotted her sides like buller wounds, deadly, venomous dragons silently awaited the enemy attack! When the Allied troops landed, when the barrage lifted, when the fog-like gunsmoke cleared, the dragons would creep out of their caves and a rain of lethal fire would pour down upon any enemy who foolishly dared to scale the slopes of Suriabachi.

"Here I die," muttered Suriaguel as he scanned the barren beaches below through the telescopic sight mounted on his sniper's rifle. "This tiny cave will be my burial place. Like a true samurai, I will die far away from home with a weapon in my hand!" he vowed as he watched the Allied landing barges speed toward shore. The moment of truth, the time of reckoning, the hour of death was almost at hand!

Like a falcon looking for unsuspecting prey, Toruji Suriaguel peered through the lens of the telescope seeking out a victim. As the landing craft moved out of the ocean and up onto the beach, Suriaguel's finger calmly curled around the trigger of his rifle.

The ramp of the landing craft fell to the ground with a loud crash. Out of the protective, iron womb of the

amphibious vehicle emerged a swarm of fighting men. Instantly, they fled up the sandy beach toward cover and safety.

Slowly, carefully, expertly, Suriaguel selected his first victim. The rifle roared. Suriaguel's body jerked backward as the powerful rifle recoiled.

Down on the beach, an American sergeant grabbed his chest, screamed in pain, dropped his weapon, and fell face first into the sand. Never again would he think, speak or move. Some mother had lost her son and Japan had one less enemy soldier to fight.

Again and again Suriaguel repeated the procedure that had swiftly and efficiently snuffed out a human life. Soldier after soldier fell to the earth never to breathe again. When the first wave of Americans established a foothold on the beach, Suriaguel paused to reload. It was going well for him. His position had not yet been spotted and a fifteen shot clip had netted him a half dozen enemy lives.

He laughed as he reached for a fresh clip loaded with messengers of death. This time he would select his victims more carefully. This time, only officers would die. Before long, his hiding place would be spotted, and then he would become a living target marked for death. Before that happened, he had to kill some American officers.

The clip snapped into place. The gun was ready for action. Suriaguel pressed the telescopic lens to his right eye and peered through the scope. Slowly, the rifle barrel slid from side to side as he scanned the enemy held terrain below.

Suddenly, the rifle stopped moving. Suriaguel blinked in disbelief. His heart thumped. He broke out in a cold sweat.

There, on the beach, was an enemy soldier with a sniper's rifle. The enemy sniper was staring at him through a telescopic sight. Suriaguel froze! Paralyzing fear turned him into a living statue. His index finger refused to depress the firing mechanism of his own rifle.

He watched in awe as a puff of smoke came floating out of the enemy's gun barrel. Suriaguel felt a sharp pain knife through his chest. He grunted, dropped his gun, and rolled over on his side. He kicked spasmodically, cried out in alarm and died all alone in that tiny cave in the side of Mt. Suriabachi.